

public, and let it watch the wheels go. Later two flat envelopes left Boston for New York. Both were addressed to the editor of Parkinson's Magazine; but one was transcribed in the precise hand of one of Boston's most promising young psychologists, while the other was scrawled with the abandon of a confirmed journalist.

THE writing of his contribution to modern literature had taken so much out of Charles Henry that by the time he reached the office in the morning yesterday's story had almost escaped his mind. It was recalled by the editor.

"Where's the kid?" he shouted as soon as Charles Henry hove in sight.

"The kid?" inquired Charles Henry absently.

"The youngster you were going to bring down this morning," said the editor patiently.

Charles Henry started. "Oh," he said, embarrassed, "she didn't seem to want to come."

"Did you say we wanted to help her?" inquired the editor.

"Yes," said Charles Henry. "I told her, in a way; but she didn't seem to want to be helped," he added truthfully.

The editor snorted. "She's got to be helped!" he said. He waved a sheaf of letters under Charles Henry's nose. "Do you know what those are? Those are letters from people who want to adopt her. They came in the first mail this morning. This," he selected a letter from the pile, "is from an old lady who wants a companion, and this is from a well known author who would be delighted to take her as amanuensis. This is from a philanthropist who offers her a college education."

Charles Henry looked longingly at the door. He felt that he could not explain matters without making things even worse than they were. He replied with misleading truthfulness, "She's very proud," he said. "I think the article hurt her feelings."

The editor regarded Charles Henry suspiciously. "Look here, Graves!" he said. "Is there any girl?"

Charles Henry came at once to the rescue of his brain child. "Do you doubt my word?" he asked with haughty pathos.

The editor looked at him thoughtfully. "No," he said slowly, "not exactly; but you have a way of convincing yourself."

Charles Henry picked up his hat. "Very well," he said pathetically. "Then I only imagined it! Good morning," and he was making his escape when the editor recalled him.

"Here," he said, "you'd better take these. She's got a right to see them, anyway," and he forced the bundle of letters into Charles Henry's unwilling hands.

THAT night Letitia was correcting examination papers with careful impartiality when a knock sounded upon her door. She answered it, expecting to find the landlady, and saw instead Charles Henry Graves with a bundle of letters in his hands.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I beg your pardon, but—but might I speak to you a minute?"

Letitia looked at him doubtfully. "Why, yes, if you wish," she answered. "Won't you come in?"

Charles Henry stepped into the room and stood looking around in a sort of a daze. Letitia sat down on a chair and waited. He had probably come to offer his apologies, and she was prepared to ac-

cept them with becoming hauteur. Suddenly he spoke.

"I was right," he said. "You do like pretty things."

Letitia froze at once. "Is that what you wished to say to me?" she asked coldly.

Charles Henry came to himself with a start. "No," he said, "it's this," and he held out the bundle of papers.

Letitia read the top letter silently, then she looked up. "What do you wish me to do?" she asked. "Be a companion to this estimable lady?"

Charles Henry shook his head. "No," he said. "But I thought you might know someone who needed help. I'm up an awful stump. All those people are yearning to help the girl I wrote about—and there isn't any girl! I think you might help!"

Letitia regarded the letter thoughtfully.

was unusually busy these months wringing sobs from a growingly satiated public. Running competition with the European war was getting on his nerves. Letitia sensed this, and sympathized, even while she did not approve.

"Why don't you get into something worth while?" she asked Charles Henry. "Such as—" he inquired savagely, and Letitia was silent.

No one, by the widest stretch of the imagination, could picture Charles Henry in business. By a heroic effort and a careful sticking to the literal he had managed to win her reluctant approval; but she watched for backsliding with an eagle eye. It came most unexpectedly, and Charles Henry was really not to blame.

In the first place, he was in one of his literary trances, and therefore was not re-

the doctor that there had been no newsboy within hailing distance, the whole thing was put down to modesty and the story continued to grow.

Was it any fault of Charles Henry's that Letitia, viewing the whole performance from her attic window, had noted the newsboyless condition of the streets, and put the whole matter down to his discredit?

Charles Henry, noting her lack of interest in his recovery, at first was hurt, and later covered the sting with his poulitice of pride. Very well, if she did not wish to come and see him, she need not!

CHARLES HENRY ate his supper slowly, for the sake of killing time, and pushed away the tray with his well hand. Then he picked up Parkinson's Magazine, which had just arrived, and began to read his story with distinct approval. It sounded even better in print than before. He lay back in the chair with closed eyes, and pictured his future. He would stop wasting his talents upon newspaper work, and would devote his time to magazine stories. To have broken into Parkinson's was a triumph, and he would live up to it. He picked up the magazine and ruffled the pages preparatory to rereading his own composition.

Suddenly he noted an article by Letitia Smith. He felt a little surprise that she should be here too in Parkinson's. Somehow it belittled his own achievement. But he started to read her article with a serene mind.

After a long time he laid down the magazine and stared into space with hurt, tragic eyes. Stripped of his sentiment, he saw himself as he really was. In fact, being the sort of person who never does things by halves, he saw himself several degrees worse than he really was. He felt that he was only a cheap sentimentalist, that he would never amount to anything, that his stories, in which he had taken such pride, were only the gaudy trappings of a shal-

low brain. Letitia, with the odor of fried onions in her nostrils, had not spared him.

For a long time he stared into space; then (lay it to the story if you like, or lay it to the two weeks of enforced solitude without even his writing to comfort him) Charles Henry laid his head on the table and his shoulders shook with the force of his suppressed sobs.

LETITIA, across the hall, heard the suspicious noises coming from behind his door and raised her head from the bed where she had thrown herself. Letitia's eyes were red with weeping, and her handkerchief was reduced to a damp wad. Parkinson's Magazine, open at a story by one who was introduced as a "new author of promise," was lying beside her. The pages of the story were besprinkled with tears. Letitia had learned several things about herself she had not known before; and the road to self-knowledge is a thorny path, strewn with stones.

Letitia flung herself from the bed and stood up in the center of the room. Something was stirring within her that she did not recognize. She forgot that she was enveloped in a fuzzy red wrapper and that her hair was in two fuzzy brown braids over her shoulders. The only thing she knew was that Charles Henry, in the room across the hall, was suffering. She walked resolutely to the door and knocked.

Charles Henry heard the knock, and lifted his head from the table, trying in-



Charles Henry, reaching with his well arm, grabbed one of her hands. "I want you just as you are," he said, "spectacles and all!"

There was something distinctly appealing about Charles Henry when he was in a scrape. "What would you suggest doing?" she inquired curiously.

Charles Henry grew red. "I—I don't know what you'll think of it," he said, "but it seemed to me that we might write 'em and tell 'em that the girl's dead—that is, if you don't mind," he added hastily.

Letitia shook her head. "I don't see what difference it would make to me," she said. So they set to work with cheerful energy to inform the old lady in need of a companion, the author in search of an amanuensis, and the philanthropic millionaire that the young star-gazer was no more.

At the end of an hour Letitia sank back in her chair and pushed her hair from her eyes. "There!" she said. "At any rate, she's settled!" and though she did not realize it at the time, aided by Charles Henry the adept, she was accomplishing her first lie.

EXCEPT for two checks from Parkinson's, the next few months were uneventful. Charles Henry received his with glee, disposed of the money with his customary despatch, and then promptly forgot the whole matter. Parkinson's makes up several months ahead; so there was no publication of his story to remind him.

Letitia received hers with her usual composure, and punctually turned it into her Oxford fund. Something kept her from mentioning it to Charles Henry, who

sponsible. He was returning home after a busy day in the office when a newsboy fell into the gutter. To the casual eye he was the usual sort of newsboy, if anything a little dirtier than the average, and he fell into the gutter because he was scuffling with another newsboy. When he rose from his seat in the slush he said several things that would not look well in print, and a middle-aged woman in a threadbare black suit passed him hurriedly, a look of disgust upon her face. Not much, surely, but enough for Charles Henry!

As he walked along the brick sidewalk the incident began to grow in his mind. The newsboy lost his dirt and profanity and developed a dying mother at home. The woman went through a sort of mental metamorphosis and came out a lady of leisure, bedecked with diamonds and weighted with furs, who pushed the little newsboy from her path into the gutter. At this point Charles Henry was crossing the street in front of Mrs. Jackson's, and so rapt was he in the progress of his brain-child that an automobile that swept round the sharp corner caught him entirely un-awares.

They picked him up with a dislocated hip and a broken arm, babbling incoherently about a starving newsboy, and the papers, always on the lookout for a good story, wrote him up as having endangered his life to save a child. When at last he came to himself in the attic room at Mrs. Jackson's he was already a bit of hero, and, although he denied the story and assured